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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 27, 1890.

No. 47

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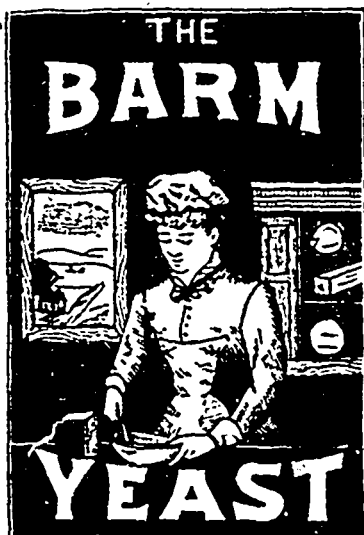
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 27, 1890.

No. 47

CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	731
MY CHRISTMAS AT PARIS.....	Leda Rose McCabe 739
CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.....	M. P. Egan 733
FATHER LAURENT'S URATH.....	733
STORIES OF T. P. O'CONNOR.....	735
ARCHBISHOP CLERY AND THE KINGSTON Freeman.....	740
A ROYAL RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.....	740
EDITORIAL—	
The Late Vicar-General Laurent.....	736
The Archbishop's Tribute.....	736
The General Booth Crusade.....	736
The Salvationists and the Franciscans.....	737
Social Reform.....	737
The Bishop Cameron Incident.....	738
The Archbishop of Halifax's View.....	738
STORY—The Priests Escape.....	741
GENERAL CATHOLIC NEWS.....	739
MEN AND THINGS.....	739

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE REVIEW, within recent weeks, has sent out to all subscribers in arrears their accounts for subscription. It is requested that these reminders be promptly responded to. By discharging their indebtedness over-due subscribers will not only greatly facilitate the Review in the management of its business, but will reap the benefit themselves in the enlargement and improvement of the paper which the prompt payment of these sums—small in the individual case, but amounting to thousands in the aggregate—would enable us to undertake.

Notes.

The announcement which will be found in another column regarding the projected division of the archdiocese of Montreal is confirmed by private despatches. The question as to the suffragans of the new ecclesiastical provinces, of Montreal and Ottawa has been decided in favour of Montreal. A new see is to be erected at Valleyfield which will also be suffragan of Montreal.

Much has been said during the Kilkenny contest about clerical dictation, and much, too, about the awful downfall of those who indulged in it. The New York Herald's correspondent at Kilkenny telegraphed on Monday that "there had undoubtedly been some clerical dictation, though in many cases not more than advice." Much as it means to Mr. Parnell, the result of the contest means much, too, to the priests who were told by Mr. Parnell and his followers that defeat meant death to their influence.

Up to Monday morning Mr. Parnell's followers ridiculed Sir John Pope Hennessy's candidature, and laughed, the correspondents on the spot say, at the idea of the electors keeping their promises to the priests, who would find how dangerous it was to tamper with the subjects of a uncrowned king. The bubble of this bravado has been burst. The Kilkenny election has resulted, as was expected, in a signal declaration against Mr. Parnell.

Out of a total of 3883 votes, Sir John Pope Hennessy, the candidate of the new Nationalist party, received 2527, a majority of 1171 over his opponent, Mr. Scully, who polled a total vote of 1356.

FORTUNATELY, notwithstanding the public excitement caused by the struggle, and the deplorable collisions of the previous week, the election was marked by no disturbance or disorder. Whether the leaders upon either side can take to themselves any credit on that score may be open to question, for on the whole the campaign was mainly conspicuous for the amount of personal vituperation exchanged between the leaders of the rival parties, and by none more than by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt. It is reported that a petition will be lodged by Mr. Scully protesting against the election of Sir John Pope Hennessy on the ground of undue clerical influence, particularly as respects some illiterate voters, but the report lacks confirmation. Mr. Parnell in a speech delivered after the election, said he would not be turned aside from his determination to do his duty to Ireland, and claimed that the result in North Kilkenny had been brought about by conspiracy. Kilkenny was but the first of 86 constituencies, and he would go through Ireland fighting every election.

Two events, says the Catholic Review of New York, have just occurred in Europe, which can be set down as striking. Italian Catholics are preparing to discuss the formation of a Catholic party, and Cardinal Lavigerie has spoken out in favour of the French Republic. There is some emotion in consequence among the French and Italians. Premier Crispi has just returned to power with all the strength of the Freemasons at his back. In fact there is no other force in Italy outside of the Church which can compare with Masonry. If the Catholic thousands who abstained from voting the other day and have therefore no representation in the Italian Parliament had been an element in these elections the triumph of Masonry would have been feeble. The objections to the formation of a Catholic party in Italy seem to us in America very weak. Since the duty of the Church to defend her possessions is imperative, and the Freemasons are determined to strip her of the last garment, such means as prevent the robbery are lawful and necessary. It is possible to think of restoring to the Pope the sovereignty of Rome through the quiet voluntary withdrawal from the Holy City of the Italian Parliament. King Humbert, himself, it is believed, would welcome such an act.

Cardinal Lavigerie has declared himself with frankness to his countrymen on the French Republic. "It is the positive duty of Frenchmen," he said, "not only as patriots, but as good Catholics, to accept the Republic, the only form of government now possible in France. Of my own authority I should pause before I made this declaration, did not the beacon light which always shines, point the way we should take." The Cardinal refers to a sentence in a late Encyclical of the Pope.

MY CHRISTMAS AT PARIS.

In a quaint chamber in the Latin quarter, the classic ground of ancient Paris, I was awakened by the midnight chimes of Notre Dame. So much of the strange, the beautiful, the marvellous, had poured into my life since touching the fair shores of France, that I had often occasion to repeat what I asked myself then, as the silvered tongues of myriad belfrys of the famous churches of beautiful Paris, added their mite to the universal anthem—"Is it a dream?"

"Mademoiselle, are you ready," asked a soft melodious voice in dulcet French.

It was Serina—Serina of nut-brown hair, cheeks of roses and Madonna eyes, a fresh ribbon in her dainty white cap, and an extra bit of lace on her white apron.

"Hear the bells, Mademoiselle; Christmas is come."

Alas! It was no dream.

Serina was the bright peasant, that Madame, true to social tradition, always insisted should accompany me in my strolls about Paris.

Dear little Serina, my chaperon! I never could suppress an audible smile at the thought, as we strolled together in the boulevards or gardens during those initiatory days into interior French life, more of the world was already mine, than could possibly come to sweet Serina, if the longevity of Methusela was hers! But it pleased Madame, it was a sinecure of the respectability of her house—the penalty of being Mademoiselle, *au bien* Madame.

While the chimes continued their glad tidings, we joined the hurrying footsteps in the narrow Rue. Past the Luxembourg gardens, fragrant with the budding of spring time, its statuary glinting ghost-like under the midnight sky; now in the shadow of the Sarbonne or the Pantheon to encounter beautiful, restful Saint Etienne, its splendid stained glass of the Renaissance aglow, the usual colony of beggars at its doors, opening to admit throngs of worshippers, while was emitted the preparatory strains of the old gray-haired cellist, who, from his favourite seat under the ancient choir-loft, stood out in the haloed relief of a mediæval saint.

Gradually the gay cafes were deserted, *garçons* with the inseparable white towel thrown over their shoulder, peasants in the quaintness of provincial costume, students of every clime, smacking of the *chic* of Bohemianism in cap, jacket or pipe—all phases darted in and out the winding Rues leading towards Notre Dame.

Beyond the bridges of the Seine, mirroring its majestic shadows, rose the famed towers. The Square in front of the Cathedral, which Charlemagne guards from his bronze steed, was thronged with equippages in livery of armorial bearing, cabs of low and high degree, the dress of many climes, the babel of many tongues, all lost in the joyous peals of the chimes as we crossed the famed threshold and knelt beneath the sublime naves.

Steeped in history, song and story, Notre Dame often disappoints the stranger on his first visit.

To fully appreciate the grandeur one must linger frequently in its sombre aisles, especially at the witching hour of sunset, when the prismatic splendour of the windows haloes the waves odoriferous of the vesper incense. It was almost impossible to find kneeling space at the midnight Mass. The triumphant voice of the deep-throated organ over the main entrance, was answered by the string instruments and softer pipes in the sanctuary under the lofty dome, where the white surpliced choir boys chanted Christmas carols as the Archbishop of Paris, and assistant celebrants, in historic vestments that had witnessed the coronation, nuptial, and baptismal ceremonies of Kings, Queens and Emperors, filed into the famous Basilica. The great altar was ablaze with myriad of tapers, and the splendour of Solomon was on every side.

How many hearts in that sea of bowed heads turned in prayer to homes across the sea, as the elevation hushed the majestic edifice!

Christmas at Paris is chiefly a religious fete. Family reunions and exchanges of presents are reserved for New Year's. This is apt to be a disappointment to English-speaking foreigners, and the indifference of the French to

features we had always treasured inseparable from the festival, never ceased to aggravate. We could not adjust ourselves gracefully to a Christmas without special customary preparation, and the exhilaration of giving and receiving.

For weeks before, the magazines and shops were gay with toys, but then are not the shops of Paris perpetual Christmas?

La Grippe silenced the gayety of the Capital, tinging all with a melancholy that vainly struggled to lift at the Yule tide. For successive weeks funerals crossed and recrossed on the church steps; traffic in the streets was frequently checked for hours by continued funeral corteges. One by one schools, theatres, gay gardens and vaudevilles in the Champs de Elysees closed. In many quarters Christmas found scarcely a family that did not wear the habiliment of mourning. Irrepressible Parisian temperament saddened, the effect on the foreigner, as may be imagined, was not a happy one. It fell particularly severe on the student colony, many of whom stricken early, did not recover through the winter to pursue their music, song or painting, while their allowance, often the savings of years of deprivations at home, was consumed by doctors' fees.

La Grippe put to flight the anticipated pleasures of our little world, congenial spirits gathered from the four winds of the earth. There was a bright young Roumanian, daughter of a lady in waiting at the court of the beautiful Carmen Sylva, who gave us pleasant glimpses from behind the throne. Blessed with wealth, she chose her gowns at Worth's and Felix, and while her humble companions admired, they had them cleverly duplicated by an obscure modiste in a little shop near the Bon Marche.

Another bright spirit was a Southern girl, with racy reminiscences of a childhood spent with Amelia Rives Chandler. Then there was a much travelled relative of Ralph Waldo Emerson, not to forget an English damsel, who had basked in the smiles of Marlborough House.

Often we met in sky-lighted apartments, or cafes in the old Latin quarter, and discussed the "isms" of the day, and related personal adventures in inexhaustible Paris. But our resolutions to celebrate Christmas in gastronomic English or American way yielded to La Grippe.

Thankful for strength to be abroad again, we set out after *dejeuner* with an English girl to visit the churches and take in the facial aspects of a Parisian Christmas. The day was glorious, clear, bright and balmy. To the flower market on the square of St. Sulpice, where in bronze Fenelon and Bossuet, overlooked the huge lions' heads jetting forth great sprays into the basin of the fountain, the omnibuses come and go, and the famous seminary of St. Sulpice, and the continuous throng of worshippers on this Christmas morning lent additional animation, we bent our steps to feast on lilacs, lilies of the valley, tulips, all the floral delights of midsummer, with English mistletoe and holly in profusion. The flower markets of Paris are always held on the squares in front of the churches. In great symphonies of one colour, the bouquets peep from huge white paper cornucopias; rarely does one see a nosegay of varied flowers.

"Who is so fortunate as to receive them?" was asked a clerk in a famous flower shop in the Boulevard de Capucine.

"Oh, they are not for you nor for me," was the pharisaical reply, "they are for actresses and the devil!"

At the bon-bon shop windows we bent many an Oliver Twist glance, while the butcher shops and the poultry stalls were not ignored. At all seasons the glass windows and doors of the butcher shops are removed. In the empty space side by side suspended by the hoofs hung whole cows, pigs and sheep. At Christmas they sport a rosebud in their tails, and each animal is outlined by a garland of artificial green leaves and red roses with a dash of holly or mistletoe. The mirror-lined walls of the poultry shops, odorous of the treasures of stream and field, reflect the huge open wood fire, on whose many spittles turn turkey, duck, geese and hare, their dripping fat replenishing the flames which illuminate the dark, narrow rues.

At the box offices before D'Odeon and Comedie Francais, hundreds of working people stood in orderly line, waiting to

secure a seat for the matinee, given free at all the theatres on great fete days.

We dined at a cafe near the Madeleine, where between courses we could feast our eyes on the famous facade of this most imposing of churches, or the equally famous flower market within its shadow. The dinner was served in the open air, all the mysteries of French *cuisine*, with as much of America as could be thrown in, replenished us as we leisurely watched the promenaders in all the varied conceits of fashion, or the ballet girls in their filmy skirts walking or riding in open carriages to the theatres.

Frequently in carnival season they are to be met walking in the Rue, while the "stars" in carriages decked in flowers, amid the plaudits of admirers, leisurely saunter towards the hotel. Such scenes invite no particular attention, and the foreigner soon takes them as naturally as his dinner in the open air.

In the bosom of an old French family in which it was our good fortune to spend the rest of our sojourn in Paris, we spent the eve of New Year's. When all the relatives gathered at the board presents were exchanged, the postmen delivered hundreds of cards, the pudding came on in a sea of burning cognac, bon bons were donned, and all the Monsieurs kissed all the Madames.

Little Christmas is also generally observed. Twelfth day we were bidden to the splendid hotel of a brilliant Russian, where the Russian Christmas was celebrated according to the custom of that country.

The Christmas of every nation is to be had at Paris, but there is only one Christmas after all, and that is to be found nowhere outside the bosom of the old homestead.—*Lida Rose McCabe*.

OF CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

Every father and mother has certain responsibilities. This is a truism. It seems foolish to repeat it, so generally is it accepted. But very few fathers and mothers ever accurately define for themselves just what these responsibilities are. They believe that their children ought to be taught, well clothed, well fed. They provide school, often without much discrimination; they feed the children, they clothe them. The mother who runs a sewing-machine all day to provide frills for her children considers herself a martyr to her duty to them, when, in truth, she is only a martyr to that spirit of vanity which dictates that they shall be better dressed than other people's children. The father who spends his days in accumulating money, and who has no time to become really acquainted with the dispositions of his boys, declares to Heaven that he, too, is a martyr. How can his sons go wrong with such an example before them? And yet this very devotion to what he calls his duty is separating them day by day from him. "We are slaves of our children," he cries out; "I work for my board, that I may be able to bring them up well and leave them money." Society takes this father and mother at their own valuation, and looks on them as models. Society is wrong; for society judges superficially.

Children are what their parents make them; they are more precious than wealth or reputation; they do not thrive best among the luxuries which the American parent thinks at his duty to surround them with. They need, from the beginning, love and cheerfulness. Give them a happy home rather than a luxuriant one, and they may be trusted to bloom is their Creator intends that they should bloom.

When children are sent by God, He means that those to whom He sends them shall make them the object of their lives. The father ought to live for his children; the mother generally does. Unhappily, the mere business of living takes so much time and thought that the real good of children is lost sight of. Parents too often hold that money must make their children good and happy. The foolishness of this is made evident every day. The orphan is to be pitied because he has lost his father's and mother's influence; he has no memories as other children have; he has, like a grape-vine unsupported, cast out his tendrils and found no answering touch. There a blank in his life, and neither

money nor reputation nor ease will ever atone for this immense loss. Who can deny this? And yet parents go through life acting as if the accumulation of money and the acquiring of luxuries for their children were all in all.

What father does not say to himself that he is a marvel of unselfishness, because he keeps close to his work day by day?—a thing he would do whether he had children or not. And yet how few fathers are unselfish enough to give up their newspaper or the club at night, or to stay up an hour later, in order to add to the cheerfulness of the home circle! How few mothers will repress the fault-finding word, the querulous objection, the ill-natured criticism on other people, and teach by example that cheerfulness is one of the first of Christian duties! A parent's words are silver, but a parent's example is golden.

Better that children should be left poorer in this world's goods than that their father should not leave them the legacy of cheerful memories. Better that they should have none of the luxuries of life, provided their mother, by her unselfish love and cheerfulness, makes home, humble though it be, an oasis in the way of life.—*M. P. Egan in Ave Maria*.

FATHER LAURENT DEAD.

FATHER LAURENT is dead. There is not one who knew him or ever felt the kindly influence which contact with the white haired, fatherly old priest inspired but will read this sad piece of news with genuine sorrow. In Toronto who is there who did not know him? By people of our faith he was beloved; by others warmly respected. It is not too much to say that in the city there was not another whose life was so peculiarly fruitful of goodness and gentleness. His sudden calling off will cause many a heartache.

It was very suddenly, indeed, that his death occurred; in the actual performance of his priestly labors. He had not been ill more than 15 or 20 minutes after being taken in off the street, where the stroke of heart disease attacked him. He had spent from noon till 5 o'clock on Friday at the House of the Good Shepherd in Parkdale, where he filled the office of spiritual adviser to the inmates of that institution. He was walking back along Jamieson avenue to Queen street, when he was noticed to totter, as if in pain, by a gentleman who happened to be passing. The dying priest was taken into the nearest house, that of Chevalier Gianelli. Dr. Lynd and Rev. Dean McCann were summoned. The medical aid was without avail.

The life of Very Rev. Joseph M. Laurent will be a noble subject for his biographer. Some one, perhaps, who knows more of it than the priests who were his companions for years may write it. Who that may be cannot now be stated, but doubtless among the Catholic clergy of Quebec and Ontario there can be one found who knew him in his early days before he left his native France and came out to Canada a young theological student. That little is known of him in this regard is not a surprising matter to anyone acquainted with the circumstances and surroundings of the life of many a priest. They leave home, family and country. They live in their church and for their church. When they die their obituaries are not always written for the public. There are in Toronto to-day priests who knew the late Father Laurent from the time he first came to the city and not one of them can even tell his exact age. All that they know is that he was born somewhere in France in or about the year 1822. He came out to Canada—to Toronto—in 1856. He had studied in Paris, but he went from there to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, to further prosecute his studies in philosophy and theology. He was ordained in St. Michael's cathedral in 1860 by the late Archbishop Lynch. He spent the first five years of his priesthood in St. Michael's Cathedral, and was then sent to Newmarket, where he lived a short time. He was again transferred to St. Patrick's, Toronto, where he remained for 16 years. It was he who had the present church and residence for the priests built in that parish. In 1881 he was appointed rector of St. Michael's cathedral in the place of the present Dean McCann, who was transferred to Brockton. When he assumed the position of rector in the

cathedral, or shortly after, he was created vicar-general with Very Rev. Father Rooney. This important office he continued to administer to the day of his death. In the interval between the death of the late Archbishop Lynch and the installation of Archbishop Walsh Vicar-General Laurent was co-administrator of the archdiocese with Vicar-General Rooney.

The deceased was one of the oldest members of the separate school board and of the House of Industry board.

It is not, however, in treating of his public or official labours that the just biographer would reflect upon the reader the light which guided the life of the grand old priest. As a minister of Christ he was sanctified. Let the agnostic or the unbeliever in our faith look upon this life from those standpoints, and they will see in every day and hour of it the loving, uncharitable performances of another Man of Ross. In the House of Industry Board from the first there was not a member whose heart more often dictated to his head in dealing with applicants for assistance. And whatever Father Laurent said no one gainsaid. No one could think of disappointing such gentle charity as his. He never made a speech, but he was a great admirer of some of the gentlemen who did. He did not know what it was to have an enemy. Many men of different religious persuasions from his, some of them in the ministry, to whose eyes the veil of his quiet modest comportment had once been drawn, even ever so slightly, aside never tired of extolling his beauty of mind and warm gentleness of feeling.

Without relatives, Vicar-General Laurent could give all his means to the poor. This he did, and what his right hand gave his left hand never knew. He lived a most abstemious life, and his face and figure always looked spare of flesh. But he was never known to have been sick a single day of his life. He never told anyone he had heart trouble. He went through the routine of his godly life day after day with this secret unselfishly hidden from his friends, with perhaps other sorrows of banished companionship. The sick, the hungry and the afflicted in spirit were seldom withdrawn from him. His door opened to them at all hours. He never failed to do something to aid, and it was invariably to the furthest extent he could go, for he was as poor in the world's wealth as a church mouse. All his paths were peaceful ones.

His great talents as a musician were devoted to the development of the cathedral choir and grand music for the Mass. Whenever the pupils of any of the convents or the inmates of any of the institutions in connection with his church had an entertainment Vicar-General Laurent was never away. The singing class in Loretto convent used to sing for his especial benefit. His praises were the highest they wanted to receive. He took a great interest in the De La Salle Institute and the St. Nicholas Institute. He was at the St. Nicholas Institute Friday morning, attended the closing exercises of the pupils there. He talked to the boys in his kind, encouraging way before he went to the toils of the day's spiritual ministrations. And so he died in arms, a soldier of Christ.

The esteem in which the lamented Vicar-General was held by all classes of the community was voiced in the following resolution, passed by the Toronto City Council, at their meeting on Monday evening last:

On motion of Ald. Saunders, seconded by Ald. Shaw, it was resolved, that this council desire to record with unfeigned sorrow the reception of the tidings of the death on Friday, the 19th day of December inst., of the Very Reverend Vicar-General Laurent, who for thirty years had his residence in Toronto, serving the several offices of parish priest of St. Patrick's church, rector of St. Michael's cathedral, and latterly co-administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto in the interval between the death of the Most Reverend Archbishop Lynch and the present occupant of the archiepiscopal chair. The reverend gentleman, in addition to the high ecclesiastical preferments above enumerated, held a status still more congenial to his gentle and unobtrusive nature, a revered place in the love and esteem of the hearts of the entire community. Prominent as a zealous member of the Relieving Board of the House of Industry, there was no charity in the city to

which he was not ready at all times to lend the kindly influence of his high talents, and while as a musician of rare ability and a philanthropist whose aid was available wherever it could be rendered without distinction of creed or nationality, he will be long remembered as the Christian gentleman whose kindly form had become a landmark in our midst, and whose highest praise will be recorded in the words of holy writ, after the pattern of his Divine Master, "that he went about doing good."

Resolved further, that a copy of this resolution be engrossed and presented to the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Toronto with the respectful sympathy of this Council.

THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

The mortal remains of Vicar-General Laurent were laid at rest on Tuesday, the occasion being marked by the most solemn and impressive ceremonies, and by the heartfelt grief of the people whose love had been his reward during years of self-sacrificing toil.

The great bell of the cathedral tolled as the people assembled for mass, and its solemn tones harmonized well with the air of sorrow which pervaded the throng. The majority of those who attended were people who, as parishioners or otherwise, had met Father Laurent, and meeting him, had learned to love him. The well-remembered face of the good priest carried a benediction to all who knew him in life, and those whom he had blessed by his goodness might well gather in their thousands now in grateful remembrance of him. Men and women of all classes were present, not adherents of that church alone to whose service Father Laurent had devoted his life, but representing all denominations. A number of representatives of the Corporation were present, including Mayor Clarke, City Clerk Blevins and Ald. Frankland.

The interior of the church is at present a forest of scaffolding, for the work of interior decoration is in progress. The altar, draped in solemn black, was therefore hid from the view of many, as also were those officiating, but the people followed the ceremony with close and devout attention throughout.

At 10.30 the procession of ecclesiastics entered, the organ playing out the solemn dirge of the "Dead March in Saul." The occasion was a grand and solemn one, the music being such as to touch the very hearts of the people. The organist was Mr. F. H. Torrington, who thus, through the instrument of which he is such a master, paid tribute to the memory of a brother musician, a pioneer in musical culture in this city, for such Father Laurent was.

The priests, of whom there were many, took their places preparatory to the Mass. Archbishop Walsh, in cope and mitre, presided, assisted by Rev. Father Dougherty, S.J., of Guelph, and Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford, and Archbishop Cleary of Kingston was present, also Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro, who was to celebrate the Mass, and Bishop O'Mahony of Toronto. The deacon was Vicar-General Laurent of Lindsay, cousin of the deceased, and the sub-deacon Father Laboreau of Penetanguishene. The place of master of ceremonies was filled by Father Hand. There was a choir in the chancel as well as one in the gallery, and the chanters were Fathers McBride, Trayling, Challandard and Murray. Among the others present were the following: Vicar-General Rooney, Rev. Fathers Morris, Lynch, Cruise, Kiernan, Krine, C.S.S.R., Wissel, C.S.S.R.; Father Marijou, provincial, Teefy, superior, Challandard, Murray and McBrady from St. Basil's; Father Walsh, McPhillips, McCartney, O'Reilly, Lamarche, Duffy, Gibra, McMahon, Rohleder, Whitney, E. Kiernan, M. Davis, Sheehan, Gearin McGinley, Kreidt (superior of the Carmelites), Dominick and Jeffcott. Archdeacon Campbell of Orillia; Fathers McEntee, Gallagher, Moyna, Egan, Sullivan, Keane, McColl and Minehan. From Peterboro, besides V. G. Laurent, were V. G. Heenan, Fathers Conway, Rudkins and McEvay. Mgr. Farrelly was present from Kingston with Archbishop Cleary.

The Mass under the ministry of Bishop O'Connor was a beautiful, touching and impressive service. The musical part was in keeping with the rest. The chants were Gre-

gorian, and the offertory was a selection from Gounod's "Mors et Vita," including part of the "Sanctus Quartette." This was rendered with beautiful effect by Mrs. Agnes Thompson, soprano; Miss Marie Strong, contralto; Mr. Kirk, tenor, and Mr. J. F. Thompson, bass.

Vicar-General Rooney, for many years a close colleague of the deceased in the work of the diocese, delivered the funeral panegyric. As the venerable priest entered the pulpit and looked about him upon the people and, a few yards away, enshrouded by the canopy of mourning, the body of his friend, his eyes filled with tears, and when he started to speak it was with difficulty he could control his voice. He spoke a few preliminary words, dwelling upon the solemnity of the occasion, and when he mentioned the name of the departed almost a minute elapsed before he could continue. He announced his text, "It is appointed for mankind once to die," and proceeded with his theme in simple and touching words. He dwelt upon the certainty of death as a fact and the uncertainty in time of its coming, and drew the lesson of the duty of each so to live as to be ready for the call to judgment at any time. The preacher told how Father Laurent came to Canada from France, and spoke of his devotedness and of the reward he had gained even on earth before entering upon his endless reward. Honour was the natural portion of the faithful priest, for to whom was given a higher prerogative than even that given to the angels. As showing how the claim of the priest to honor had been recognised by the great and good, the preacher quoted many historical instances, and he appealed to the experience and belief of his hearers to give the honours due to the ambassador of God—the faithful priest. He instanced their departed friend and pastor as one to whom in life all honour was due and whose memory must be held in reverence. Dealing with the life and work of the deceased, he told of his indefatigable and most successful labours, of his sterling qualities and his modesty, of the honours that had been conferred upon him by Archbishop Lynch, of happy memory, and confirmed by the present archbishop who so ably ruled over the archdiocese. Though God might see imperfections in the soul that had just gone before Him, they believed that the cleansing of purgatory would soon be completed and the soul of their departed friend welcomed to its full reward.

Archbishop Walsh before the congregation was dismissed spoke from the chancel. He said:—I cannot let this opportunity pass without thanking the clergy of strange dioceses, the archbishop of Kingston, the bishop of Peterborough, and others who have come here to-day to sympathise with us in our sorrows, and to do honour to the memory of a good and holy and devoted priest. I thank all those who have come here for the same purpose, for always, brethren, the touchstone that rouses the sections of the people is individual character.

The dear departed was a man whose coming in and going out were before the citizens for many years, and during all that time he deserved their respect, esteem and confidence. I beg also to thank the City Council of this great city for their kindness in passing unanimously a resolution of condolence with their Catholic fellow citizens and the Catholic Archbishop and clergy, and also in expressing in eulogistic terms their esteem for the good and holy priest who has passed away. This conduct does honour to the Council, it does honour to the city, and it shows these men—these fellow citizens of ours—to be animated by kindly sentiments, and, too, by that noble disposition that respects worth wherever it is found. Now, my dear brethren, it remains for you to pray with me that there may be given to people some person as worthy and as faithful in the discharge of his duties as he who is about to disappear from human eyes.

The procession formed and moved down the aisle. The pall-bearers then approached to perform their office. The coffin was lifted and slowly carried down, the pall-bearers forming the end of the procession, and the swelling notes of the Dead March filled the church, giving utterance, as it were, to the feelings of the people. The hearse was in waiting and the cofined clay was reverently laid upon it, while the bell tolled solemnly. The funeral procession formed and passed up Church-street, while the crowds of people stood and watched in silence. The procession was a long and imposing one, and included many of the most prominent men,

lay and clerical, who had attended the funeral service. The following were the pall bearers:—Dean McCann, Dean Cassidy, Fathers Morris, Moyna, E. Kieran, and Egan. The route lay by Church, Carleton and Yonge streets to St. Michael's Cemetery. The grave had been prepared near the chapel and here the prayers were read by Bishop O'Connor, while the people stood with uncovered heads. The ceremony was soon completed, and the body of the much-loved Father Laurent was then lowered to its final resting place.

STORIES OF T. P. O'CONNOR.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., one of the visiting Irishmen of this country to raise funds for Ireland, is an illustration of what an energetic and industrious young man can accomplish on the other side of the water, where the opportunities for advancement to the poor man are so much less than in this country. Mr. O'Connor is the only Irish Member of Parliament who does not represent an Irish constituency. He represents what is known as the "Scotch" district of Liverpool.

Just why it is called the "Scotch" district Mr. O'Connor says he does not know unless it is because there are no Scotchmen in it. O'Connor's early struggles in London exceed almost anything known in the country. He is familiarly known among his colleagues as "Tay Pay." The newspapers in reference to him speak of him as "Tay Pay" even in their reports of the Parliamentary debates. He went to London when a mere boy ragged and friendless. For years he led a precarious existence, barely earning enough to keep body and soul together.

His breakfast consisted of "bloaters" (fish) two for a penny, and his total living expenses did not exceed 15 cents a day. Gradually he made his way and secured a place on one of the English newspapers as a reporter. His agreeable manners and bright mind made him friends and finally he attracted the attention of Parnell and was taken up by the party. All of the Irish Members of Parliament are paid a small salary, about £300 a year, out of the Irish Parliamentary fund, otherwise they would not be able to serve in Parliament, as the Government does not pay them anything.

A few years ago Mr. O'Connor assisted in establishing the *Evening Star* in London. Its circulation the first day was 350,000, but it afterwards dropped to less than 35,000. The first day's circulation of any new paper in London always amounts up enormously, but the curiosity soon dies out. The *Evening Star* eventually made a big hit, and as often happens in such case the big stockholders begin to freeze the little chaps out. Mr. O'Connor was forced to sell his interest in the paper, but he got \$75,000 for it, which was not so bad considering that he started without a cent of capital.

An incident is related showing Mr. O'Connor's popularity in Ireland. A big meeting was in progress in Dublin, and eight or ten thousand people were packed around the entrance to the hall. A stranger arrived on the scene who was anxious to get inside. Strangers are quickly spotted in an Irish crowd, and he was soon asked who he was and what was his business. He mentioned the fact that he had a letter of introduction from Mr. O'Connor, and immediately word was passed along, "Make way for a friend of Tay Pay." The crowd parted, and the gentleman made his way to the hall. Arriving there, he found the door locked and guarded by a man on the inside. The sentinel demanded the pass word and called out: "Shout out the pass word and I'll open the door." The idea of shouting a pass word within hearing of the crowd struck the stranger as being particularly Irish, but here again the name of "Tay Pay" proved to be a sufficient pass word to open the door.—*New York Mail and Express*.

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN CANADA.

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.
The late Archbishop Lynch.
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1890.

THE DEATH OF FATHER LAURENT.

By the death of the venerable Father Laurent, the Vicar-General of the archdiocese, and Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, the Church in Ontario loses one of her best known, and the Catholics of the archdiocese one of their best loved, priests. By his taking away the Archbishop is bereft of one of his most prudent counsellors, the clergy of one of their most zealous members, the Catholics of Toronto, with whom during his thirty years of labour here he was brought into contact, of a guide and a devoted servant, and the poor, of one who was something more than a friend—who was to them as a father.

At once the truest and the fewest words in which in his death we can describe Father Laurent, is to say that, like our Lord, he was one "who went about doing good." For thirty years he laboured in our midst, expending his life in the service of others. It was a service in which he permitted himself no cessation. Even Death, when it came, found him making the round of his labours. He went forth "to his work and his labour until the evening."

How much the poorer we are by his death it is only now that he is gone that we are beginning to realize. His life seemed to be a life of simple goodness and of unobtrusive activity; and yet, looking back upon it now, it is seen to have been one of perfect humility, of perfect zeal, and of entire unselfishness. A merely worldly person catching a glimpse, at any early morning service, of the white-haired old man standing in the shade of an aisle in St. Michael's Cathedral, intently reading his breviary, would doubtless have thought that there was a simple ascetic whom the secret of life—as the world understands it—had escaped. And doubtless there was little of *clan*, or of renown, or of what men call "success," in that life of simple toil and austerity. No public paid court to him as a scholar, no crowds paid tribute to him as a preacher. It was not that he was not a scholar, nor that he might not, had he cared, have been a great preacher—these, and all such possibilities he put from him. His concern was with the humbler work that came nearest his hand to do.

And yet who will say now that the secret of life escaped

me whose taking away has evoked such evidences of public sorrow and of the respect of a whole city? Or what greater reward can the world give than, in passing away, to be mourned and to be honoured as was this self-sacrificing priest? Of the respect in which Father Laurent was held by all classes in the city, the resolution of the Mayor and council of Toronto, is an intimation; and our non-Catholic neighbours, of all creeds, have vied in paying marked and generous tributes of respect to the good Vicar as one whom all recognized and whom all respected as a true Christian and a true gentleman. The grief of his own people found true expression in the few words which his His Grace the Archbishop spoke in the cathedral on Sunday:

"If I had been to speak of the sorrow that has fallen upon us," before I had spoken a few words for your edification I could not have gone on. We have suffered a great loss, the diocese has suffered a loss, the Catholics of Toronto and this congregation in particular have suffered a calamity. And I feel a great and personal grief. I can hardly keep up under the torrent of sorrow that floods my heart. Father Laurent was a most devoted priest. You have known him longer than I, and you know better than I do his sublime devotion and self-sacrificing nature. He was the most exemplary priest I ever knew. He was true to his God, true to the duties of his sublime office, and true to his Archbishop as the dial is to the sun. A better priest I never met, nor a man more devoted to his church. He was a true lover of souls. You all feel and know how kind a father and tender an adviser he ever was. He died like a soldier of Christ at his duty. Coming home from work he was stricken down like a soldier on the way. It is true we have suffered a great loss, but there is this consolation from your faith, that his death is a gain for his eternal soul. His was a spotless life of virtuous labors. The holy examples of her good priests are the honour of the church and the consolation of her people. As she was the mother of the saints and the martyrs in the past, so today the Catholic Church is the mother of holy priests and devoted, pious virgins." The archbishop was proceeding to refer to how now at the approach of Christmas the congregation 'd miss Father Laurent in the musical services, but his voice broke down and the venerable Archbishop was assisted from the pulpit overcome with the poignancy of his grief.

Amidst every mark of respect and public mourning, the impressive offices of the Church, the grief of his people, and,—sweetest of all *requiems* that can attend the Christian soul—the silent prayers and blessings of the poor whom he befriended—it is thus that he has gone from us,

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

GENERAL BOOTH'S "In Darkest England" proposal has drawn forth a cheque from the Marquis of Queensbury, the notorious patron of the Turf and the Prize-Ring, and General Booth has accepted it. "I will take money "from anyone to keep me in such a work," he says "however out of the pale." The General may be a fanatic, but he mixes much hard common-sense with his fanaticism. We may mention, by the way, that the Marquis of Queensbury who thus for the first time comes out as a social reformer, has for a brother, a very different kind of a man from himself—Father Lord Archibald Douglas who is very well known in this country having taken a leading part in late years in the work of emigrating to Canada destitute Catholic boys.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE FRANCISCANS.

A PASSING reference was made in the REVIEW of last week to Professor Huxley's criticism of "General" Booth's scheme of social reformation for England, and the ridicule with which he meets the argument, that the "success" of the Salvation Army is a proof that Divine assistance has been vouchsafed to its efforts. "It does not appear to me," Professor Huxley has written, "that Mr. Booth's success is in any degree more remarkable than that of Francis of Assisi, or that of Ignatius Loyola, than that of George Fox, or even than that of the Mormons in our own time." And speaking of General Booth's projected extension of the field of Salvation Army activity, Mr. Huxley goes on to say that with the examples before him of what happened to the Franciscans, who, founded as a Mendicant Order, speedily became "one of the most powerful, wealthy, and worldly corporations in Christendom," and to the Jesuits, whom he describes as "the hope of the enemies of the Papacy," he is forced to ask what guarantee there is that, thirty years hence, the General who then autocratically controls the action, say of 100,000 officers pledged to blind obedience, distributed through the whole length and breadth of the poorer classes, and each with his finger on the trigger of a mine charged with discontent and religious fanaticism; with the absolute control, say, of eight or ten millions sterling of capital and as many of income; with barracks in every town, with estate scattered over the country, and with settlements in the colonies—will exercise his enormous powers, not merely honestly, but wisely? What shadow of security is there, he asks, that the person who wields this uncontrolled authority over many thousands of men shall use it solely for those philanthropic and religious objects which, doubtless, are alone in the mind of Mr. Booth? "Who" he further asks, "is to say that the Salvation Army in the year 1920, shall not be a replica of what the Franciscan Order had become in the year 1260."

As we said, when briefly noticing these words last week, Professor Huxley was certain to disparage any society with Christian traditions, and although there is doubtless a certain analogy between the Salvation Army and the Franciscan Order in its beginning, yet the comparison he makes is the comparison of a cynic and a sceptic. Professor Huxley intimates in effect that the Order because it spread rapidly, was therefore in possession of great wealth. As a matter of fact the rule of the Order forbids the members to possess anything. They did not possess the monasteries in which they lived; their monasteries were the possessions of the Church. Mr. Huxley when he speaks of the Franciscans, omits, also, to acknowledge the wonderful reformation of morals, and the immense social amelioration of the poor which followed in the track of the Franciscan movement. If only General Booth could effect as much the public would have reason to wish him well.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* commenting upon the letter of the Professor and the parallel which he finds between the "soldiers" of "General" Booth and the followers of St. Francis of Assisi quotes some words of Dr. Jessop about the friars:

"The monk was supposed never to leave his cloister. . . . At best his business was to be the salt of the earth, and it behoved him to be much more upon his guard that the salt should not lose its savour than that the earth should be sweetened. The friar in St. Francis's first intention had

no cloister to leave. . . . His life-work was not to save his own soul, but first and foremost to save the bodies and souls of others. The friar was an itinerant evangelist, always on the move. The monk was an aristocrat. The Friar belonged to the great unwashed. . . . Incredulous cynicism was put to silence. It was wonderful, it was inexplicable, it was disgusting, it was anything you please; but where there were outcasts, lepers, pariahs, there, there were these penniless Minorites tending the miserable sufferers with a cheerful look, and not seldom with a merry laugh. As one reads the stories of those earlier Franciscans, one is reminded every now and then of the extravagance of the Salvation Army."

The Franciscans, the *Pall Mall* thinks, present points both of likeness and of contrast with the Salvationists. Take the points of resemblance first. "Both are bodies having a distinctive uniform—the Salvationists in blue serge and hal-lalujah cap or bonnet, the Franciscan in the labourer's brown serge gown, barefooted, girt with a common piece of rope; both are practically sworn to poverty and obedience, neither admits of class distinctions; both attained an almost phenomenal growth within a few years, both depend largely on the personality of the founder, both look upon their mission as being one to the outcasts who are beyond the reach of existing religious influences, and both, though in different degrees, attend to the body of the human as well as the soul. Neither started with an elaborately worked out paper scheme; each developed new features naturally and organically, when and as they are wanted, and not before. Neither has as yet furnished the final solution of the Protean "social question" because certain elements, moral, intellectual, or physical, are lacking in each. The Franciscan went into the slums and adapted himself to the specimens of humanity to be met with there, meeting with a joke and a steady persistence the cantankerous ways of refractory lepers who objected to being washed; the Salvation slum officer is to be found consorting with thieves, drunkards and prostitutes."

By way of contrast it is to be noted that the Franciscans^s has no brass bands—no drums nor tambourines. The Salvationists treat men and women alike; the Franciscan Order willingly admitted women, but, according to the conceptions of the times, rigidly separated them from the men, and gave them nothing to do but pray. Doubtless there are other points of contrast between the two bodies, contrasts proportionate to those which distinguish the thirteenth from the nineteenth century. But when all is said the *Pall Mall* concludes that there is a sufficiently striking kinship to suggest that General Booth might find many a useful and encouraging hint in the story of the friars.

As to the other question of the feasibility of General Booth's scheme many, among those even who would most welcome its success, who will yet share Professor Huxley's doubts as to its being effectual for the carrying out of all that the General contemplates. The chief consideration that weighs in our mind against it is that its success is, *a priori*, beyond all human effort. He can scarcely hope to eradicate vice or poverty, but only to diminish them. Otherwise does he not attempt to make a more perfect world than did Christ Himself, who declared that the poor we shall always have with us? Again, would there not need to be a great and organic change in society before it could be hoped for any cut and dried scheme of social reform that it would be effectual to the destroying of either crime or poverty? Or, looking around upon all that men do to contribute to and

to intensify the miseries of existence—upon intemperance and the rest, of the family of evil that follows in its train—can it be wondered, after all, that Poverty, like an armed man, enters so many homes? The most, it seems to us, that any social reformer can hope to do, is to diminish by a little what of suffering it is within reach to remedy and alleviate. Whether, as a means to that end, General Booth's scheme is one to be assisted in preference to other organizations which have been effecting silently, and to the full extent of their limited means, and without noise of drums or tambourines, incalculable good, is, as we said in our earlier article, a large and difficult question. There are very many who think that if other and existing agencies of charity received as much money as General Booth invites for the furtherance of their efforts, they would effect as much good notwithstanding the immense forces at the General's disposal.

THE BISHOP CAMERON INCIDENT.

BISHOP CAMERON of Antigonish, who has been the recipient of special attention from a section of the newspapers lately, has addressed a letter to the *Antigonish Casket* on the subject of these press attacks, and the circumstances that led to the publication of the circular regarding the re-election of the Minister of Justice in Antigonish that furnished a pretext for them. "On the 22nd of November last" Bishop Cameron writes "sundry newspapers in Ontario, Manitoba, and New Brunswick published telegrams from Ottawa announcing that a startling discovery had been made in Antigonish—the discovery of a circular letter of mine, dated the 11th February, 1887, to the electors, that that 'long concealed, outrageous, and immoral appeal,' as it is called, would for the first time see the light the same evening in Ottawa and 'create a sensation,' and that immediate steps would thereafter be taken 'by some Catholic Liberals to bring' Bishop Cameron's enormity 'before the Papal authorities in Rome' to receive condign punishment. And sure enough that evening the *Ottawa Free Press* did, according to announcement, publish a so-called 'special' from Antigonish containing, besides the unearthed old circular, disparaging and insulting remarks, as well as the ominous threat of a recourse to Rome."

Such a preconcerted attempt to heap dirt from so many meridians on the character and name of a Christian bishop is unparalleled in the history of the Dominion, and has forced one of the most discreet and distinguished clergymen in Nova Scotia to exclaim in a letter to myself: "What persistent malignity these people exhibit to be sure, in thus following up, after such a lapse of time, their former attacks on your Lordship!"

In order that his readers may be able to judge rightly of his conduct in this case, Bishop Cameron submits the circular as it appeared in the pages of the accusing papers. Though unmistakably favouring the return of the Minister of Justice, His Lordship is at pains to explain in the first paragraph of this letter that "designing politicians" and "factionists" had "taken such liberty with his name as to oblige him in honour publicly to repudiate their misrepresentations of his views and sentiments regarding the present unseemly contest. In that and some of the other counties, Bishop Cameron went on to say, "it had been asserted and confidentially reiterated" that he, the Bishop, was opposed to the candidature of Mr. Thompson, and that the Minister's opponent had a letter to that effect in his pocket from Bishop Cameron. It was under the stress of these circumstances that the Bishop's letter to the electors was written. Although,

as we have said, it strongly favoured Mr. Thompson, there seems to be no doubt that it was intended by the Bishop to be a reply to those who had improperly dragged his name into the contest.

Bishop Cameron has the gratification of being sustained in his course by the concurrence and approval of the accomplished Archbishop of Halifax, than whom no man is more widely or deservedly respected in our Maritime provinces. Writing to Bishop Cameron, Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax says:—

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,

HALIFAX, Dec. 5, 1890.

My Dear Lord—Regarding the circular issued by your Lordship on February 11th, 1887, to the electors of Antigonish county, and about which some newspapers have been lately saying many silly things, I would wish to give your Lordship my views on the matter. It should not be necessary to assert and maintain that a bishop has a perfect right to take an intelligent interest in the political life of his country, and to use, should he deem fit, all legitimate means in favour of those who, in his opinion, are most likely to benefit the community. In the petty squabbles of mere party politics the bishop will not of course mix himself up, but he should be anxious on great national grounds to see our ablest and best men returned to power. The catch-cry, started by European infidels, that the clergy should confine themselves to the sanctuary should be, as it surely will be, unheeded by good Catholics, and laws enacted to give it force will assuredly be despised by the hierarchy and clergy of Canada. We may freely choose to hold ourselves neutral where vital questions are not at stake, but we will never allow ourselves to be muzzled. From this it follows that so long as your Lordship use no undue influence you were quite justified in endeavouring to secure the success of the man you held to be best qualified for the position. Does not common sense tell any reasonable being that you, a man of ability, of wide experience of men, a bishop with a full sense of your responsibility, could form a more correct estimate of the relative merits of the candidates than men blinded by partisanship or mere silly prejudice of nationality? I see no trace of undue influence in the circular. You correct misstatements regarding your views, and your advance reasons for your line of action. In my view the only regrettable point about the affair is that in a country like Antigonish it should have been necessary for Sir John Thompson to stand an election.

Yours in Christ.

(Signed) C. O'Brien,

His Lordship the Bishop of Antigonish.

These views will, we think, prevail with any man not wholly blinded by either political or anti-clerical prejudices; and although, as experience amply demonstrates, the prelate who interposes, no matter under what provocation, in an election, in a country where party feeling runs so high as in Canada, may expect to be angrily assailed, there can be little doubt, we think, that in Bishop Cameron's case, the course taken was prompted, as he himself says, by considerations of the public weal, and not by personal or party reasons.

Is it not strange that Protestants who have given up the Mass, should have been unable to do away with it in the name of Christ's nativity? This inconsistency was commented upon in the British House of Commons not long ago by a certain Thomas Massy Massy. He moved that the Church of Henry VIII. which had done away with so many Apostolic traditions, both in words and things, should get rid of even the name of mass in Christmas and substitute in place of this too Catholic expression the more Saxon one "tide," sic, Christide!

O'Connell, who happened to be present and who was seldom at a loss for the right word at the right time, moved that "as the honourable gentleman prized the old Saxon so much he would do well to begin at home, viz., to Saxonize his own name. Let him do away with the "mass" in Thomas Massy Massy, and put his beloved tide in place of it, thus: Totide Tidoy Tiday!" The roar of laughter that greeted the motion has never been equalled in the House of Commons before or after; consequence, Protestant England has kept the mass in Christmas.

General Catholic News

M. Descourtins, the Swiss Catholic statesman, who first suggested a conference of the European Powers on the Social Question, had an interview with the Holy Father a few weeks ago.

At the Vatican mosaic factory is being executed a magnificent work representing the Madonna and Child, which the Pope will present to the Queen Regent of Spain.

The Rev. Dr. Fritzen, whose nomination to the vacant bishopric of Strasbourg is possible, is an Honorary Canon of the Cathedral of Metz and Director of Studies at the Seminary of Montigny.

A movement has been started in Italy for the formation of a permanent committee chosen by the Catholics to watch over their interests, each electoral district having a representative on the committee, which will be a kind of informal Catholic Parliament.

Letters from the Lake party of Central Africa, Messrs. Gordon and Walker, state that Pere Lourdel died after three days' illness of fever, and that Pere Lombard will succeed him as head of the Catholic Uganda mission.

Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, New South Wales, at the invitation of the Marist Fathers, laid recently the first stone of a new church to be erected at Hunter's Hill, bearing the name of Blessed Peter Chanel, who gave his life for the Faith at Futuna.

The Rev. Father Drummond, rector of the order of Jesuits in Canada, delivered a series of discourses every evening during Advent. Father Drummond is gifted with a fine voice and unusual eloquence. His preaching is characterized by the deep earnestness of his words, and the large congregations nightly assembled follow his impassioned utterances with the utmost attention.

A paragraph appeared in our last issue stating that the first time the hymn "Lead Kindly Light" appeared in a Catholic Hymn Book was in one recently published by the Bishop of Birmingham. As many of our readers are aware the hymn appears in the St. Basil's Hymn Book, an excellent book of hymns, compiled some three years ago by the Basilian Fathers of this city.

At the meeting of St. Alphonsus Young Men's Assn. on Friday evening Dec. 16th, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

Whereas it has pleased almighty God in His divine wisdom to remove thy death, the mother of our esteemed brother member Thom. Callaghan.

Resolved, that the members of the St. A. Y. M. C. A. tender him their heartfelt sympathy in his sad affliction, and as a mark of respect, the meeting do now adjourn.

Ever since the departure of His Grace Archbishop Fabre a few months since for Rome, the Catholics of Montreal and the other portions of the archdiocese have awaited the result of his mission with considerable interest. It will be remembered that Archbishop Duhamel also went to Rome about the same time on a similar mission, arising out of a projected division of the ecclesiastical provinces of Montreal and Ottawa. Now, news comes that the Archbishop of Montreal has been successful, a cablegram to the administrator of the diocese, dated Rome, December 18, bringing this welcome news. It states that Archbishop Fabre has attained in every respect the object of his voyage. The cablegram adds that the archdiocese is to remain intact, that the plan of division proposed has been rejected by the Cardinals and that the Pope has already signed a decree confirming this decision. It is said that Archbishop Fabre was not opposed to division of the diocese *per se*, and would welcome it, if he

did not himself propose it at the proper time, but that time was not yet. There were many things to accomplish however.

In a letter to Sir John Simon explaining his inability to attend the meeting in the Guild hall, on the 10th inst., on behalf of the Jews in Russia, His Eminence Cardinal Manning affords the world a fresh proof of his broadness of mind and his deep sympathy with the oppressed, no matter to what country they belong. Speaking of the conditions under which the Jews live in Russia His Eminence says: "Six millions of men in Russia are so hemmed in and hedged about by penal laws as to residence, and food, and education, and property, and trade, and military service, and domiciliary visits, and police inspection as to justify the words, that no Jew can earn a livelihood, and that they are wretched as criminals." He is in favour of petitioning the Czar to take account of all the governors of the Jewish pale, and he adds: "It is certain that nations are as they are treated. How can citizens who are denied the right of naturalization be patriotic? How can men who are only allowed to breathe the air but not to own the soil; to eat only the food that is doubly taxed; to be slain in war but never to command—how shall such a homeless and caste-exiled race live the life of the people among whom they are despised, or love the land which disowns them?"

The Cardinal makes a strong case for the Jews, and his plea must assuredly find its way even to the Imperial throne.

Book Reviews.

History of the Catholic Church in Scotland, by Alphons Bellesheim, D. D. translated by Dom. Oswald Hunter Blair O. S. B. O., Edinburgh and London. Wm. Blackwood & Co.

We have received from the Messrs. Blackwood the fourth and last volume of this valuable work to which we have previously made reference when noticing the earlier volumes. It is in all respects a splendid publication and both the publisher and translator have discharged their tasks with care and thoroughness. The last volume and appendix now before us contains a series of reports sent to Propaganda by the Scottish Vicars Apostolic, translated into English from the Latin and Italian originals, and throwing much light on the religious history of Scotland during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Men and Things.

The conversion to the Catholic Faith is just announced of Hon. William Gibson, son and heir of the celebrated Lord Ashbourne, who has acquired such prominence as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, on account of his Land Acts.

Sir Charles Russell, speaking lately, said that Mr. Parnell, in his manifesto, was at once bold and ingenious but hollow and deceptive. He had based his claim for the continued leadership of the Irish party on an appeal to race-hatred which had been almost exorcised out of public life.

Sir John Pope Hennessey, who is contesting the north division of Kilkenny county as the anti-Parnell candidate, has had a remarkable career. In 1848 he and Justin McCarthy, who was at that time a reporter on the *Cork Examiner*, founded the Cork Historical society. He was elected to parliament as a nominal Tory as long ago as 1859, being the first Roman Catholic conservative to sit in the House of Commons. He worked for reforms in the Irish poor laws and land laws, and is supposed to have been the original of Anthony Trollope's Phineas Fin. In 1867 he left parliament for the colonial service. He was governor successively of Labuan, the West African settlements, the Bahamas, the Windward Islands, Hong Kong, and the Mauritius, and his efforts to protect native rights against British injustice several times caused him trouble.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY AND THE KINGSTON FREEMAN.

The last issue of the *Canadian Freeman*, a Catholic paper published in Kingston, contains a long letter from Archbishop Cleary, protesting against the papers "frequent offences against religion." The Archbishop takes exception especially to an article that appeared in a preceding issue on the subject of education and which contained statements too objectionable to be silently passed over. In his letter the Archbishop writes:

"I am grieved beyond measure by the necessity imposed on me, as the divinely appointed guardian of the faith of my people, to censure your editorial article on education delivered to your readers in the *Canadian Freeman* of last Wednesday's issue. Would that I were free to hold my peace, or to administer only a private correction and warning on this, as on former occasions. But the frequent repetition of these offences against religion in your paper, and the insulting and defiant tone in which the writer of last Wednesday's article assails the entire Catholic church, her faithful laity, her anointed pastors and rulers, her more than miraculous civilization of the nations, and, above all, her faith, her Christian faith, and her authoritative teaching of it to her children in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, have left me no option, no possible alternative. I am constrained by the imperative exigencies of my office to choose between public correction of those shocking calumnies against God's church and the reproach of scandalous dereliction of my pastoral duty.

But I am fain to attribute this odious blot on your newspaper to your imprudent practice, against which I have more than once warned you, of accepting quasi-editorial contributions from outsiders and giving them place in your foremost columns on the too-facile assumption that their authors are cunning enough or honest enough not to involve you in trouble by dandling their pet theories before the public whilst fathering them on you.

"It would be wearisome to deal with the offensive writer's sentences in detail," the Archbishop continues, "neither would it serve any useful purpose. I prefer to invite attention to certain most glaringly erroneous and contumelious passages, in which the substance and spirit of the whole article are embodied. One of these passages reads as follows:—

"The consequence is that an educated common people no longer allow themselves to be looked upon as so many *nonentities* in either church or state, and on every proper occasion they assert, in no unmeaning terms, *the manhood and independence of freemen*."

As your Archbishop, vested with the authority of Jesus Christ and His Holy church, I pronounce the foregoing proposition to be a false and scandalous innuendo, derogatory to the doctrinal rights of the Sovereign Pontiff and the bishops appointed to feed and rule the flock of Christ, offensive to Christian ears and contumelious to religion. Who has ever heard of the Catholic church treating the children of redemption as "nonentities," and crushing out their "manhood and independence of freeman?"

After a historical summary of the efforts of the church on behalf of mankind, Dr. Cleary concludes:

I reserve for your next issue my further comments upon the editorial article I have been ensuring, the writer's direct attacks upon Christian faith being too grave a matter for cursory observation.

The following is a sample passage from the objectionable editorial:

"The general diffusion of education among the masses has brought about a complete change in the relation between the common people and the church and state. Formerly the temporal rulers in the state and the educated clergy in the church exercised a peculiar and commanding influence over the uneducated masses, but now all this is changed, and the latter hold in their hands the power and influence formerly wielded by the former. The consequence is that an educated common people no longer allow themselves to be looked upon as

so many nonentities in either church or state, and on every proper occasion they assert, in no unmeaning terms, the manhood and independence of freemen. Whether this is a desirable state of affairs from a moral standpoint it is not ours to decide. We have only to do with the fact, and the fact is a mere blind and unreasoning submission to authority is no longer the rule but the exception. The people demand and insist upon, and we think justly so, the reason of things, that if the reason given does not prove convincing to their intellects why, they simply laugh to scorn the would-be dictator and petty tyrant.

A ROYAL RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.

A RESOLUTION of some importance at the present juncture of affairs in Ireland was, it is said, to have been put forward at the recent conference of the National Unionists at Liverpool, but had been through strange inadvertence omitted from the agenda paper. This resolution, which had originated with the delegates from the city and county Conservative Club of Dublin, was to the effect that, with the view of stimulating and perpetuating the feeling of loyalty in Ireland, and of giving permanence to the contentment and sentiment of security at present prevailing there, it was desirable that the Government should take into consideration the advisability of establishing a royal residence in that portion of the United Kingdom. This is no new proposal. Every few years it is made either in the press or in Parliament. Sometimes it reaches the stage of feeble agitation and, after running its course for a while, it gradually subsides and is forgotten until some society or individual brings it to life again. The anomaly of leaving Ireland destitute of any regular provision for the sojourn of the sovereign in the midst of her loyal subjects there during a part of the year or whenever the King or Queen might feel inclined to pay a visit to that part of the British Isles, has long been felt. Every Government has tacitly or expressly acknowledged it. It is not denied that Ireland abounds in beautiful scenery amid which it should be a pleasure to live and the Irish people have never been accused of a want of hospitality and generous to visitors. Whenever any of the sovereigns of Great Britain and Ireland have deigned to set foot on the soil of the smaller island, they have not failed to receive a welcome proportionate to their exalted rank. Queen Victoria was never greeted with more genuine enthusiasm than that which was shown to Her Majesty by the inhabitants of Ireland of every class, race and creed. It has been the same with the other members of the Royal Family. Even in times of tumult and angry feeling, when political passions rose to a high pitch, the natural warm-hearted kindness of the people got the better of their wrath and the royal visitors received the national *cail millia faille*. The slights of the past and still heavier grievances were forgotten at the prompting of better feelings. But this generous determination to sink old feuds and let by-gones be by-gones in obedience to the higher impulse has never so touched the hearts of the Queen or her children as to induce them to erect in Ireland one of those royal residences which confer so much dignity and prestige in England and Scotland. It may be said that Ireland is in a different position from the rest of the United Kingdom, being a vice-royalty and the Queen's representative, the Lord Lieutenant, taking Her Majesty's place, as the Governor-General does in Canada. Unhappily, with the majority of the population, that fact only aggravates the injury. Besides, it is not the real reason for the persistent withdrawal of the Queen's presence from the midst of her Irish subjects. It has never been seriously alleged as a justification for the royal absenteeism. Landlord absenteeism has been of the acknowledged evils of Ireland. Nobles and great commoners living largely or wholly on the sweat of Irish tenants have deliberately denied them the poor compensation of dwelling amongst them, of meeting them face to face, of giving them an opportunity of personal appeal and spending of at least a share of the income wrested from the soil for the benefit of the inhabitants. The rule of agents, under such circumstances, could hardly be expected to be acceptable to those

hardly earned for the benefit of self-made aliens. Castle rule is associated in the minds of the peasantry with the rule of absentee landlordism. There are, of course, praiseworthy exceptions to the latter. There are landlords who spend a good part of their years on their estates and who are on good terms with the tenantry and try to lighten their lot. Such landlords are respected and even regarded with affection by those who hold land of them. Among no people is personal attachment stronger than among the Irish. It is a quality, indeed, that predominates in the Celtic race, and we see a noteworthy example of its exercise at this moment. The man who serves them is not cast aside in his hour of adversity, even though his own mistakes or wrong-doing have turned the tide against him. So long as he is true to them they remain true to him. But it is the very sensibility which this fidelity, through good and evil, to their chosen leaders implies, makes the rich people resent the long-continued slight of their Sovereign's deliberate absence so bitterly. They are reproached for disloyalty, while their kinsmen in Scotland are applauded for their staunch faithfulness to the Crown, and to the Queen's person. But the Queen and her family have made no secret of their preference for people and things Scottish. A daughter and a granddaughter of Her Majesty have been married to members of the Scotch nobility. Royal personages are, doubtless, in their sympathies and antipathies, subject to the same influences that sway the minds of common mortals. But even ordinary individuals have, in social or business intercourse and political dealings, to put a certain check on the expression of their feelings. There are few amongst us so independent that we care to proclaim aloud our national prejudices or to give needless offence to our fellow-citizens of this origin or that. To say the least, it would not be discreet to do so. Yet the responsible advisers of Her Majesty have, by declining or failing to gratify Ireland's wish in the matter of a royal residence, given umbrage to a people who have frequently been rebuked (justly or unjustly) with deficient loyalty. The Scotchman may sing Jacobite songs; they may even be sung in the royal presence without offence. But the Irishman must be wary as to the songs he lifts. There is some reason for this distinction, it is true. The North Briton, even of the Highlands, has long since earned his absolution for '45, and there is no fear of a Jacobite revival. Even those who would break the pact of 1707 are not suspected of any disloyalty in asking for the *status quo ante*. The Irishman has fought for the British flag wherever his sturdy kinsman of the Highlands has drawn his claymore, but he is still distrusted. The royal favour does not beam upon him, and lady killer, though he has the name of being, he has not carried off a royal prize. Majesty looks askance at him and the music of his brogue has never touched a royal heart. Is it surprising that he feels himself unjustly dealt with in this distribution of favours? He is very human and is not averse from a certain measure of those blandishments which he so liberally dispenses on others and, on every ground of sound policy, it must be admitted that the course pursued towards him is not a wise one. A royal residence in Ireland even now would be some balm for the bitter scorns of the past. No Irishman envies Scotland the esteem and the affection which the Royal house, which is her own as much as England's, has lavished on her. But surely Ireland deserves a little consideration. Even Mr. Balfour was courteously received in Connaught. One of the Queen's sons is nominally the chief of the western province; another of them, the heir to the throne, is Earl of Dublin, and still another is Earl of Ulster, while more distant members of the Royal line claim Armagh and Tipperary as their own. Yet not one of them has a home in the Emerald Isle. Has not the time come when this long slight should be atoned for and the fair claims of Ireland to some little recognition from the Royal family should be generously responded to? Then the old wound would be healed, and the hearts of a generous people would throb with pride and joy.

A good Christmas box to a friend would be a year's subscription to the Review. We mail papers to any part of the world.

THE PRIEST'S ESCAPE.

In the days of the "Terror" in France in the year 1792, when the faith seemed to be at its lowest ebb in the hearts of the people, and the proscribed clergy were hunted like wild beasts from one forest or mountain or cave to another, there still remained, as of old in Israel, "six thousand who did not bow the knee" to the Baal of Liberty, falsely so-called, but clung to the obedience of the church with all their hearts, and were ready to risk their lives and property in order to shelter the priests of God who remained as faithful shepherds feeding and tending their scattered flocks amidst hourly dangers from the fierce wolves who pursued them with unrelenting fury, athirst for their blood.

Amidst the lovely villages of Normandy, St.— was no less remarkable for the beauty of its situation and the fertility of its pasture lands and orchards than for the steadfast faith and loyalty of its inhabitants. They had with very few exceptions refused to accept the ministrations of the Constitutional priest who had been forced upon them, and had made his position so uncomfortable that the old parish church was virtually closed, for its new minister found Caen more suitable to his taste than a village in which no man but the "Maire" and a few unwilling members of the Commune would so much as say: "*Bon jour, citoyen!*" to him; so he spent his time in the city and only occasionally visited his so-called parish.

Still, this state of things could not last, and though for many months the old pastor, Pere Druot, lurked about in outlying farms and hamlets and said Mass after midnight or very early in the summer mornings in a stable or cave as would be best arranged, yet with the approach of winter fresh difficulties arose, and not even King Herod and his soldiers were more fiercely set upon the blood of the Infant in the cave of Bethlehem than were the emissaries of Robespierre on capturing him now in the outhouses of the farms where he still found a refuge and worship among the poor, and on dragging the priest to the guillotine.

Pere Druot had long been on the list of the proscribed, but he was hard to find while the summer made concealment possible in the woods and glens, and the old priest knew every land and water course, and could cross the country by day or night with equal facility.

Now that the snow lay thick upon the ground and the brooks were frozen, he could not pass from one place to the other without leaving traces of his footsteps; nor could he sleep out in the woods, and among the orchards or behind haystacks, as he had usually done through the summer in order that his beloved people should run no risk in sheltering him.

But there was still no lack of willing hearts with a roof and a fireside at his disposal whenever need arose, and one especially had stood his friend more than once already by giving him timely warning of the whereabouts of the gendarmes who were in search of him.

Old Father Mathurin's farm was a long six miles from the village of St.— and there was no dwelling within four miles of it on either side, while at the bottom of the orchard the river Vire ran down to the sea, and little boats were constantly plying up and down to the neighboring villages and towns with farm produce for sale so that it was a good point for escape if necessary.

His family consisted of himself, a hale old man of seventy, his wife Catherine, a few years younger, his only surviving daughter Marie, a fine young woman of twenty-five, and two little grand children of five and three years old who had been taken home to the old farm when their father had been killed in one of the riots so frequent at the time, and his poor young wife, Marie's eldest sister, had quickly followed him to the grave, literally dying of a broken heart. The whole family were imbued with that piety which characterized so many of the French peasants, even in troublesome times.

One bitterly cold afternoon in the winter of which we are writing, Farmer Mathurin returned from weekly market at St.— with an anxious face, and leaving Pierre, the farm servant, to attend to the oxen and wagon, entered the kitchen which was used as a living room by the family, and also contained a large old-fashioned bed which shut like a cupboard

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The great source of disease originates in the BLOOD, and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention. When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY will renew the Blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

The conviction is, in the public mind as well as the medical profession, that the remedies supplied by the VEGETABLE KINGDOM are more safe and more effectual in the cure of disease than mineral medicines. The Vegetable Discovery is composed of the juice of most remarkable roots, barks and herbs. It is pleasant to take, and is perfectly safe to give an infant. Allow us to ask you a candid question:—Do you need it? Do not hesitate to try it. You will never regret it. All druggists have it for sale.

MR. JOHN C. FOX, Olinda, writes:—"Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken."

IN ITS WORST FORM.—MISS JULIA A. PILSWORTH, Toronto, writes:—"I had Dyspepsia in its worst form for over a year, but after taking three bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, a perfect cure followed. I take great pleasure in recommending it to anyone suffering from Dyspepsia."

MR. W. THAYER, Wright, P.Q., had DYSPEPSIA FOR TWENTY YEARS. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of and immediately commenced taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left, and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health; in fact he is quite a new man.

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CLASS D
The 40th Monthly Drawing will take place
WEDNESDAY DEC. 17th
At 2 p.m.
PRIZE VALUE
\$55,000
Capital prize—One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1	do	2,000	2,000
1	do	1,000	1,000
4	do	500	2,000
10	Real Estate	300	3,000
30	Furniture sets	200	3,000
60	do	100	6,000
200	Gold Watches	50	10,000
100	Silver Watches	25	2,500
100	do do	15	1,500
100	do do	10	1,000
1000	do do	10	10,000
1000	Toilet Sets	5	5,000

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.
Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:
A. A. AUDET, Secretary
Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal Can.
TICKERS \$1, 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00



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The Father Mathew Remedy
Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. *The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonfull will remove all mental and physical depression.*
It also cures every kind of **FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER** when they arise from other causes than Intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.
When the disease is not strong one bottle is enough; but the worst case of *delirium tremens* do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.
If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on *Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and intemperance as a Disease*, it will be sent free on writing to:
S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor
1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891

January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11, December 9.

SEVENTH MONTHLY DRAWING JANUARY 14, 1891

3134 PRIZES
WORTH \$52,740.00
CAPITAL PRIZE
WORTH \$15,000.00
TICKET, . . . \$1.00
11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000
1	"	5,000	5,000
1	"	2,500	2,500
1	"	1,250	1,250
2	Prizes	50	1,000
5	"	250	1,250
25	"	50	1,250
100	"	25	2,500
200	"	15	3,000
500	"	10	5,000
Approximation Prices.			
100	"	25	2,500
100	"	15	1,500
100	"	10	1,000
999	"	5	4,995
999	"	5	4,995

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740
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81 St. James St., Montreal Can.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

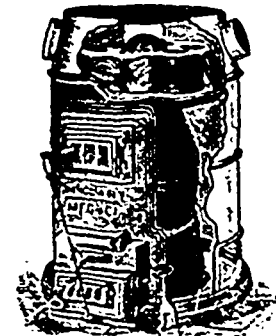
TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
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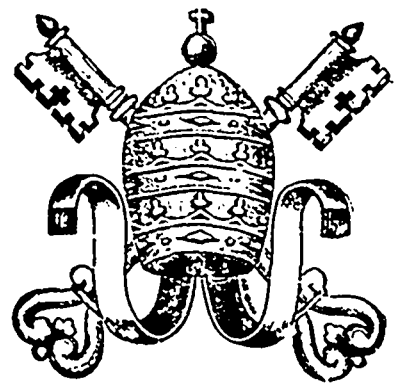
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All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of December 1890, mails close are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.35	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	8.15	8.00	9.20
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30	3.45	11.10	9.00
Midland	6.30	3.35	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	6.00	3.20	11.55	10.15
G. W. R.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	6.00	4.00	10.30	8.20
	11.30	9.30		
U. S. N. Y.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	7.20
	12.00			

English mails will be closed during Dec. as follows: Dec. 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 25, 29.



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Send us 25 SURPRISE wrapped and get one of our beautiful engravings.

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 Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates

FROM PORTLAND	FROM HALIFAX
Ontario.....about " 10th	Sat.....Dec.20th
Toronto.....Thur. " 13th	
Dominion.....about " 25th	
Vancouver.... " Jan 1st	" Jan. 3rd

No passengers carried Bristol
RATES OF PASSAGE.
 Cabin from Portland or Halifax to Liverpool \$4. \$59. and \$60. Return \$80. \$90. \$110. Intermediate \$25. Steerage \$20.

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CARBOLTON, GREEN CO., ILL., Nov., '88. I highly recommend Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to anybody that has suffered from headache as my son did for 5 years, because 2 bottles of the medicine cured him.

M. McTIGUE.

What a Clergyman Says:

Morrisonville, Christ. Co., Ill., Sept., 1887. Within the last six years I have observed the excellent effect of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. It cured a boy named Michon, who was so helpless that he had to be fed like a baby; he hid himself when he saw strangers, laughed and cried for half an hour. He was considered by physicians a maniac and hopeless case; but is now working on a railroad. Another case was Minnie Falls; she had St. Vitus' Dance; her legs and arms were so uncontrolable that she scratched holes in her dresses in a few days. 8 bottles of the Tonic cured her entirely. Another such case, which many physicians tried to cure without success, was cured by only two bottles. These and other cases convince me that the Tonic is the best remedy for epilepsy and other nervous troubles. It would be a blessing for all sufferers to know of it.

A. TEPPE, Pastor.

Our pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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